

A
L E T T E R

Written to my

Lord RUSSEL

I N

NEW GATE,

The Twentieth of JULY, 1683.

My Lord,

18. March. 1691

I Was heartily glad to see your Lordship this Morning in that calm and devout Temper at the Receiving of the Blessed Sacrament; but Peace of Mind, unless it be well grounded, will avail little: And because transient Discourse many times hath little effect for want of time to weigh and consider it; therefore in-tender Compassion of your Lordship's Case, and from all the good will that one Man can bear to another, I do humbly offer to your Lordship's deliberate Thoughts these following Considerations, concerning the Points of Resistance, if our Religion and Rights should be invaded; as your Lordship puts the Case; concerning which I understand by Dr. B. that your Lordship had once received Satisfaction, and am sorry to find a Change.

Burgh.

First, That the Christian Religion doth plainly forbid the Resistance of Authority.

Secondly, That though our Religion be Established by Law, (which your Lordship urges as a Difference between our Case, and that of the Primitive Christians;) yet in the same Law which Establishes our Religion, it is declared, *That it is not Lawful upon any Pretence whatsoever to take up Arms, &c.* Besides that, there is a particular Law, declaring the Power of the *Militia* to be solely in the King: And that ties the Hands of Subjects, though the Law of Nature, and the General Rules of Scripture had left us at liberty; which I believe they do not, because the Government and Peace of Humane Society could not well subsist upon these Terms.

Thirdly, Your Lordship's Opinion is contrary to the declared Doctrine of all Protestant Churches; and though some particular Persons have taught otherwise, yet they have been contradicted herein, and condemned for it by the Generality of Protestants. And I beg your Lordship to consider how it will agree with an avowed asserting of the Protestant Religion, to go contrary to the General Doctrine of Protestants. My end in this is to convince your Lordship, that you are in a very great and dangerous Mistake; and being so convinced, that which before was a Sin of Ignorance; will appear of a much more heinous Nature, as in Truth it is, and call for a very particular and deep Repentance; which if your Lordship sincerely exercise upon the sight of your Error, by a penitent Acknowledgment of it to God and Men, you will not only obtain Forgiveness of God, but prevent a mighty Scandal to the Reformed Religion. I am very loth to give your Lordship any Disquiet in the Distress you are in, which I commiserate from my Heart; but am much more concerned that you do not leave the World in a Delusion and false Peace, to the hindrance of your Eternal Happiness. I heartily pray for you, and beseech your Lordship to believe, that I am with the greatest Sincerity and Compassion in the World,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Faithful,

and Afflicted Servant,

J. Tillotson.

A DIALOGUE

Between the Lord R^s ^{white}GHOST, and the D.^{an} of Canter^{bury}

A Scotch Bishop's Epistle upon Dr. Wilson's new government

L. R. Thou filthy Hypocrite of a Dean!

D. C. Nay, good my Lord, pray what d'ye mean?

Your Lordship us'd to be more civil;

You've learn'd these Words sure of the Devil.

L. R. How dare you twit me of his Acquaintance,

Who must be yours without Repentance?

D. C. Whole, mine my Lord, I pray for what?

L. R. The Letter, which to me you wrote.

D. C. I must confess I wrote that Letter.

L. R. 'Twere well if you had kept to't better.

D. C. Your Lordship then has chang'd your Mind.

L. R. So has your Reverence too, I find.

D. C. My Lord, it cannot be deny'd,

I always was for th' upper side:

Whate'er my outward Will proclaim,

My secret Will is still the same.

L. R. Why didst I know this secret Mind?

I thought I'd been a special Friend.

D. C. My Lord, you're yet to learn your Lesson.

What! bring a Protestant to Confession?

L. R. This smells of Jesuitry, my Friend.

D. C. They do't serve an evil End,

We for a good; this Difference

Weights greatly with a Man of Sense.

L. R. Ifee you've got a Reputation

For that which has cost me Damnation;

But yet this tricking, and this vogueing

Looks so like something, that's like Roguing.

D. C. My Lord, I waited Providence.

L. R. That Argument was us'd long since:

The Evil is neither more, nor less,

Because it happens on Success.

D. C. That proves it God's peculiar Work.

L. R. Very fine Logic for a Turk.

D. C. My Lord, methinks it sounds but oddly,

To hear you're grown so wondrous godly,

And 'gainst Rebellion so devout.

L. R. No; that's not it, but Truth will out;

And when you're one of us, you'll feel

You must speak Truth against your Will.

D. C. Your Lordship wont attend to Reason;

I tell you now it is no Treason;

What! don't things alter with the Season?

L. R. Whatever you can say, or write,

I needs must think you a Hypocrite:

You said, my Crime deserv'd Damnation,

By Law of endless Obligation:

And you well know, in such a Case,

That *hic & nunc* can ne'er take place;

Yet now that you have done the same,

You set up for a Man of Fame;

Though I can prove, that, of the two,

If any be the worse, 'tis you.

I did what just was in my own Sense;

But you rebell'd against your Conscience.

D. C. Rebel! my Lord, that's too severe;

I did comply, I yield, and swear;

Sure that admits a softer Name.

L. R. To praise it when 'tis done's the fame:

* *This Thanksgiving Sermon.*

* *God rais'd up this Herculean Race,*

Monsters to quell, and to debase.

I know you said it, Time, and Place:

By which, if I know any thing,

You made a Monster of your King.

Besides, you've sworn i'th' Face of the Nation,

For to support the

For this, no doubt, must be the Sense

Of Swearing to another Prince;

Because in any else 'twould be

Nothing to his Security;

Which was the only end, you knew,

For which the Oath was tender'd you.

This you have done, and more than this,

So flily, few know what it is.

But whereas you're lo vain to think

The Devil at your Crimes does wink:

That's your Mistake; for I can tell,

It is the common Talk of Hell,

Your Reverence influential was

In bringing Matters to this pass:

That neither *Dumby*, *Dellamere*,

Nor he that did the Jack boots wear,

Nor yet that curs'd false Scotch Apostle, Dr. Burnet.

Who so much in the Cause did buittle,

Were by one half so serviceable

As you, to raise th' Almighty Rabble;

Nor all their blustering came such Harm on,

As one demure malicious Sermon;

Which helping their Imagination

With Dangers of your own Creation,

Rebellion was the Application:

Which must be took for your Intention,

Because you never us'd to mention

How they shou'd be i'rem; not one word

Of Passive Obedience on Record.

By these sly Tricks the King's Impeachment;

Was the sole end of all your Preachment:

Which, 'midst such Jealousies and Fears

As you had rais'd them to, 't appears,

Was beating up for Volunteers,

All this you've done; yet in defiance

Of Truth, would call it meer Compliance.

Nay, not content that you have done it,

Wou'd make all Rebels that disown it;

Though Transubstantiation may

As well be prov'd the self-same way.

For who e'er heard it, till of late,

That Principles cou'd penetrate,

In direct opposition too,

E'er a whit more than Bodies do?

That an Usurper and a King,

Contraries, can be the same thing?

Rebellion change into Obedience,

And Treachery become Allegiance?

There's as much Juggle, I'll maintain it,

As much of *Hocus Focus* in it.

See here's a rightful lawful King.

Presto, begone, he's no such thing.

Here's an Usurper; Gentlemen;

Whugh, he's a rightful Sovereign.

Twit *Rome* for juggling no more,

You've now outdone them o'er and o'er:

I needs must say't, I cannot help it,

No juggler's Box like to a Pulpit.

D. C. Your Lordship might be less severe,

Confid'ring I'm at least sincere:

That pautry, sly, Eaves-dropping Imp,

News-mongring Devil, tell-tale Pimp,

Whoe'er he was that told you this,

(Though I don't much care who he is,

Cou'd tell you too I'd been no Gainer.

L. R. Was ever such a harden'd Sinner!

As if a Man were less a Knave,

For playing of the Rogue to fave:

You've fourteen hundred Pounds a Year,

You have sav'd that, it does appear;

Sure you've the common Proverb learn'd,

A Penny sav'd's a Penny earn'd.

And *Cassius* say; The less the Matter

That tempts the viler is the Nature,

D. C. Sir, I've return'd a Epithorick.

L. R. I know it, yet that's but a Trick;

Refusing of that small Preference

To was create a fresh Endearment;

Or else 'twas not to go so far,

You know you're better as you are.

For cou'd you mend your self, I know,

For Manners you wou'd ne'er say no.

D. C. My Lord, whatever you can twit,

I'm sure I've justifi'd my Letter;

If not, sit down, and I'll do't better.

L. R. No, Sir, I'm fatish'd you can

Say as much fort as any Man;

And should be glad, if Time would stay,

To hear you shew your Parts that way;

Though I can't think what more you'd say.

But now the Stars are grown less bright,

And I must go before 'tis light.

D. C. I wish your Lordship may get home well.

L. R. What! Nothing to your Uncle *Cromwel*?

D. C. Yes, Duty; and his Pains to soften,

Tell him the News. L. R. I'll see you often.

F I N I S.